

THE DAGO, THE MONKEY AND THE CABLE SLOT.



SIGNOR ORCANETTO—Picka up dat nickel by de siota.

"Sacre! De monk's talla caught!"

!!!!!!

"If de talla hadn't broka we'd beena going yeta!"

Too Far Away.

"George," said the happy bride, as she brushed a few grains of rice from his collar with an air of tender proprietorship, "papa says we can either live at his home or rent that lovely little cottage a few blocks farther out. Which would you prefer?"

"Dearest," said the young man, with a firm and noble resolve illuminating his manly face, "we will live with your father and let the cottage go. Never—never will I consent to live beyond my means."

And Then She Blushed.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To pick some apples, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You mustn't, for I've got to climb," she said.

So It Would Seem.

YOUNG CHIP—What is the Government "sinking fund," pa?
OLD BLOCK—An appropriation for building war ships, son.

Advice That Failed.

"Yes," said the millionaire pompously, "it's in taking care of the little things that makes a man rich. Remember that, my friend."
"Well," said the other hopelessly, "I've been taking care of twins, triplets and two singles for a good while, and I seem to be getting poorer all the time."

Museum Muses.

MANAGER—Where's the bearded lady?
FAT BOY—His wife's sick.

One Girl's Consolation.

When no one came her heart to win
It filled her full of woe,
But now she plays the violin.
And always has a bow.

A Degree Conferrer.

"I am something of a university myself," remarked Old Sol to fair Luna.
"Indeed?"
"Yes. Just watch me confer some degrees on the thermometer."

Disinterested.

MAN FROM CHICAGO (aggressively)—We challenge comparison, sir, at any time in the way of magnificent buildings, modern enterprise, capital invested and business transacted. Can you offer any arguments to refute our claims?

MAN FROM NEW YORK—I am not prepared now to do so. I've—
MAN FROM CHICAGO (triumphantly)—I thought so.
MAN FROM NEW YORK—never been in St. Louis.

A POET'S SOLILOQUY.



"Now, I have material for a wonderful novel and a realistic drama. All I now need is the material for a suit of clothes."

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.
BENEDICT—There's no place like home!
DOWNTROD—I hope not.

A FRIEND IN NEED.



DEADSHOT BILL—Keep still, tenderfoot!
TENDERFOOT—Wh-a-a-t's the matter?
D. S. B.—That's er mosquito on yer left ear!

That's One On You.

He had just come to New York, and his hair, his clothes, his walk and his face proclaimed him a "come on" from Comeonville.

At the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street a slick-looking stranger stepped up to him, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Why, Jed Perkins, it's good for sore eyes to see you. What on earth are you doing so far from home—from Hawleyville—and how is everything and everybody on the old farm?"

The "come on" disengaged his hand, and said: "I guess there's some mistake. I ain't Jed Perkins, but Lemuel Hotchkiss, an' my home ain't in Hawleyville, but up in Colchester. You got the wrong pig by the ear this time, by gum!" and he laughed so loudly that passersby turned around and the slick-looking chap retired.

Lemuel walked up Broadway to Twenty-sixth street, and there a dapper-looking man came up and said, with confidence: "Why, Lem Hotchkiss, when did you come to town, and how's the Colchester folks?"

Lemuel seemed taken aback, but he said: "Well, Jim Arthur, as I live!" And again he let forth a roar of laughter that caused the dapper-looking man to say: "What in the world are you laughing at?"
"Why, I'm laughing to think how the majority of readers of this little skit imagine that I am about to be buncoed, and that you are a steerer, just because I ran up against one a page or two back. It's blame good fun to get in one on the reading public. Let's have a drink."

Well Done Up.

WIFE—Did the China man do up your shirt well?
HUSBAND—Yes. Beyond recognition.

PICKING A TUNE.



"Wot's this t'ing, Mary Ann?"
"That's a mandolin, pa. You play it with a pick. If I had one I'd show how it's done."



"A pick, is it? Sure I'll get me old dirt lither an' try the trick mesself."



"Sure if that darter uv mine kin git chunes out uv this thig, me money wasn't wasted in givin' her a mustaf education!"

He Was Vindicated.

When the meeting was called to order it would have been evident to the most casual observer that the young man was in a state of extreme anxiety and suspense. It was also very plain that he was endeavoring to conceal his agitation. After some routine business had been transacted an elderly gentleman arose and called out in a loud voice:

"Albert Dickson!"

The young man immediately stood up. His face was pale, but his bearing seemed to indicate that, though in a tight place, he was certain to emerge triumphantly.

"Mr. Dickson," began the elderly gentleman sternly, "I regret to say that a serious charge has been made against you—a charge which involves a grave aspersion upon your professional skill. I refer to the case of a man who was knocked down by a cable car last week at Broadway and Chambers street. You are accused—here the speaker's tones grew very stern indeed—of treating him in such a manner that he reached the hospital alive! I need say no more. Is that accusation true or false?"

"It is true," answered the young man defiantly.

"Then, sir, in my capacity of president I must announce your immediate expulsion as a member of the Ambulance Surgeons' Protective Association."

"One moment, Mr. President," interrupted the accused. "I have a statement to make in my defence. I admit that the patient reached the hospital alive, but—he was a book agent."

A low murmur ran around the assembly. The president's face assumed an expression of relief.

"That," he said with emotion, "entirely alters the case. Even an ambulance surgeon could hardly be expected to succeed in killing a book agent. The charge against you is dismissed. Mr. Dickson, and your professional reputation remains unscathed."



"Between you and me," observed the Flying Dutchman, "this is becoming monotonous."
"Oh, well," replied the mate of the phantom ship, "it isn't as bad as if we had to sail a ferry-boat or run an elevator."

What She Heard.

MRS. JAGSBY (at head of stairs, 5 a. m.)—What is that noise? Is that you, Mr. Jagsbj, falling upstairs?

MR. JAGSBY (thickly)—N—no, m'dear! The noise you (hic) hear, 'thash just the (hic) break o' day!

Only One Other.

ADAM—You're not so many.
EVE—Still I'm about all there are.

Psalm of Life.

The whole world loves the modest man,
Whether he's great or small,
But gives its plunks, in great big chunks,
To the fellow with piles of gall!

The whole world loves the quiet man,
Who's silent all day as the owl,
Its absorbing attention, permit me to mention,
'Twill give to the fellow who howls.

The whole world loves the peaceful man,
Who never will quarrel or bicker,
But the full right of way, allow me to say,
'Twill give to the strenuous kicker.